papers had come in, and Miss Woolstine had carried them off while Hale and I talked to an eminent rose-culturist who had just invented a new rose of a pink that was yellow,

and a yellow that was pink.

All at once I heard a little cry, and Miss
Woolstine appeared at the door opening into ber room. Her face was white as snow, her eyes filled with horror. I did not wait for her to speak, but at once arose and went into her little office. For a moment sh

"Is it bad news—bad news for me?"
She nodded her head like a dumb person Now, as my wife was dead and I had no child, and I knew my office was safe, my heart beat still steadily as I took her hand

"Nothing dread/ul can happen to me, my child. I am so poor that Hale has little to take from me! But you—do not be afraid to tell me.—My poor giri!" She looked at me still with great horror in her eyes; she turned her head back and

gasped for breath, her voice was choked and she could not speak.

"Do not distress yourself so;" I held her hand firmly in my own, "If the trouble is mine do not so increase it; if it is yours, let me help you bear it!"

"I' is Jack!" she gasped, "Jack!—They have killed him! They have raided the office—they have killed him." Ah, I was not so poor! ,Fate had left me a possession—vague, not in my grasp, but still a possession, for it was Jack I had meant to know, Jack, who was yet to be my son and to inherit my fortune. And so, I in turn, looked in horror at her.

'How do you know it?" I asked. She pointed to the paper still in her hand And there it was—all in head lines! A mob an attack on the Hill Beacon, a defense pistol shots, a dash into the office, and a tearing out of all that was in it. Jack's body had been carried off by the mob.

And he was dead. The handsome, gay fellow who tound life with me too slow even to try for a little. And he was my wife's nephew, and I had not tried to make the career I offered him pleasant and inviting I sat down crushed and guilty, for, at least, I should have forced him to leave the miners, or cease his rating of the strikers. I could not look at Margaret. But in moment she was kneeling by me, and she was telling me that he was not dead—no, no, not dead! "If he was dead they would not carry him away. He is alive; oh! you may be sure he is alive, and we must go a once to him. We must find him, for he must be sorely hurt, and we will have to

nurse him. Come," she said.
"Not you, my poor child," I answered.
"I cannot ask this of you. But you are right. He may not be dead, yet even if he , it is my duty to go. The scoundrels! The poor boy!"
The tears shone in her dark eyes, but she

did not weep. She looked at me with a ghastly smile. What would Jack say if you came with out me? He would never believe me-never! And II oh, do you think I could stay here? I should go mad, mad."
"Margaret, you do not know what you say. You never knew my nephew, dear

She turned her head away as if in appeal "Ask him that question! Why he loved me—he told me that his love for me would be his death-and I laughed at that-yes, did! I thought my fate far the hardest. But I could not tell him so. You see the very wedding day was fixed, and I could not tell him that I loved him better than the man I was going to marry. Could I? You are his uncle, but you know I could

I do not understand you, but you must be calmer. You must sit down. Hale, name speak to her I do not know whether she knows what she says."

not. Sometimes women have to listen when

"Indeed I knew very well. It was I who killed him. I! I! He was desperate. He did not care. He told me he should not

Hale was standing at the door, our visito had vanished, and I looked in mute appeal to my friend, still feeling that the girl was distracted. But Hale understood. He came directly to her, took her in his strong grasp and made her sit down. He gave er a drink of water and sat down in front and tell us so we can understand. If 'Jack' is to be helped, cool heads, not broken rts, will have to do it. Crawford," and the turned to me, "sit down. You are as much upset as she is. Now what is the matter with Jack? It is Jack Lewis, your nephew, I suppose

I silently handed him the paper and he read it without a word of comment. "And you knew him?" he said to Margaret. She nodded her bead. "And you were engaged to him?" The color swept up over the face that had

been so drawn and white. "No," she answered, "I was not engaged to him." She looked from one to the other, put her hand to her throat as if she was

choking. Then she spoke:
"I will have to tell you! It was my fault because I should have come away sooner. I met him in the Adirondacks last summer. and we were in the same party, because I was visiting the wife of an old college friend of his, and I thought there was no harm in it-in seeing him so often, I meanbecause everyone knew I was engaged to my cousin. But the night before I leit there b begged me to break the engagement, and he told me what was true, that I didn't love my cousin. But I did not know then that I could not marry Ned Mason. You see, I had been engaged to him ever since I was 18 and I refused to even think of breaking it. Jack said some hard, hard things to me, and I was angry with him. After I came home I found I could easier die than marry Ned. And my uncle was so violently disappointed that I had I leave the house.

Then I came here." The shadow of a smile passed over Hale's face, but I took her hand in mine. "And you did rightly," I said. "I was the one to whom you should have come." "But I came because I had so often

watched you in church and thought there never was so kind a face, and I heard how good you were to the girls you had here, and of course, I had to earn some money. would not take any from my uncle." turned away.

'Still you knew I was Jack's uncle." "Yes," she said gently.

The very incoherence and simplicity of her little story touched me greatly, and I looked at Hale expecting to read in his eyes pity, sympathy. Instead I saw judgment, and disapprobation. I knew he condemned her as a coquette who had not known he own mind. This I greatly resented, and I felt he was narrow and prejudiced. because he was hard in his thoughts of her, I became more tender, and I should have liked to have comforted her as I should my own daughter. But I said to her that I be lieved in her, and I should help her, "but I cannot see," I said, "why now that you are free, Jack should keep up his resentment Had I been your lover at his age I should

have flown to you." Her eyes flashed at this. "Do you suppose I would send him word that I was free? "Surely you could in some way let him

"No girl would do such a thing as that." she promptly answered, and then her lips trembled, her eyes filled, and she broke into a bitter weeping. We could not stand this, old tellows as we were, and Hale jumped up and walked around the room and cleared his throat and blew his nose, and eiaculated all sorts of exclamations, while in broken words, in ways foreign to me for many years, I tried to soothe and quiet her. But when she ceased her sobbing, it was only to break into a wailing still more pitiful, until at last she lay exhausted, her head against my shoulder. Hale brought coats and whatever he could find, and on chairs, and persuaded her to drink wine. Then we laid her down, and we left her and went into our own room. We closed the

door and looked at each other. "This is a pretty piece of work," said "It is pitiful-it is terrible!" I grouned.

"He was a good fellow. I could have loved "I remember him well," replied Hale; looked up irritated by his persistent mis-understanding; "she has acted as became a

understanding; "she has acted as became a conscientious girl."

"Well, well," rejoired Hale, "we will not discuss that question; but now—how now?"

"I shall go at once to Tiger Hill—spot fitly named! Whether Jack is dead or alive, I must see after him, Hale; he had neither father nor mother!"

"Now look here," said he, "haven't you again and again written to him that you desired to make his future your care? Didn't you bring him East and set him to work in this very office? Didn't you give him to understand you were prepared to limited the day bore herself cheerfully and with patience. But neither of us now remember that day's journey. We gazed out the window, and talked of what we saw, but nothing was real to us. I felt as though we had shut some horrid thing into a closet, and were holding the door to keep it in.

The day passed, the sun set, the twilight fell, and Margaret and I sat silent as we drew near our journey's end.

Tiger Hill was shrouded in mist and darkness when we entered it. By a lamp in the station a surly agent was making up a report from which he was loath to separate himself to do more than mutter that there work in this very office? Didn't you give him to understand you were prepared to treat him as a son? You know all this is true. And you know Jack declared his work stupid, the paper poky. You know he was determined to be the maker of his own destiny. Grieve as much as you choose, Dan, but don't fall into womanish reproach of yourself. Jack was a fine fellow, but he was pigheaded, and I truly believe that when he fell in love with Miss Woolstine it was partly because she was out of his reach. He is just the boy to want the moon

and refuse the green cheese."
"You were jealous of Jack," said I feebly.
"That is stuff. I was not blind." "And you are at this moment jealous of

the girl," I added. "What reply Hale would have made to this what reply hale would have made to this accusation I know not, for at that moment the door opened and Margaret came in. Her face was still pale and her eyes swollen, but she was perfectly calm, and I noticed that her hands did not tremble as she held them together, her fingers lightly clutched.

"You are going at once?" she said.

I got up and hunted the time tables and found my best train left the city at 10:30 P. M., bringing me to Tiger Hill the evening of the next day. This gave me time to go to Melvin and get what I needed for the

"Well, then," said the girl, "I will be a the station at 10. I can meet you there."
"But—but that is impossible," I exclaimed. "I cannot take you. It would not do at all. Not at all. I will telegraph, write—you should hear at once and fully, but it is impossible to allow you to go." Never in all my life did I meet a look so determined, so full of scorn for restraint, as the one Margaret shot at me! She said not a word, but going into her office returned with her hat on, her veil tightly drawn and

o silently left the office.

Hale shrugged his shoulders. "There was a pair of them!" he said, "I do not wonder they had tumultuous scenes! She won't go?-you do not think she will go?"
"Not if you wreck all the trains. But even then she might walk! Yes, Crawford,

"But she shall not! What could I do with her? Suppose she falls to weeping, to fainting in the train? And after we get Why, Hale, I am not sure of my own safety, and with her to hamper me—it is impossible! She must be locked up—tied not allowed to do it."

"She won't faint nor weep," said Hale,
"still she will be a dreadful burden to you! I'll go see her, but I have no hope of in-"Go to her uncle," said I, "surely he has some authority over her."
"I'll do my best," said he, "but I won't

romise you success. I went to Melvin, packed up my handbag, made arrangements with my house-keeper, and all the time my thoughts dwelt on Margaret in fear and dismay. My only hope was that her violent agitation might make her ill, and so prostrate her that she would be unable to force herself to take the

Journey.

When I reached the station a few minutes after 10, I found Hale standing at the entrance. "Well?" said I.

He pointed with his thumb over his shoulder. "She is in the waiting room," he said, and taking my bag, he added, "She carries less baggage than you do."
"Did you see her?" said I. "Couldn't you convince her? Surely you could have

done that!" "Could I put the rings of Saturn around Jupiter? My dear boy, I did not try to convince her. She would not discuss the question. She asked me about the mines, and the strike, but she knows far more about it all than we do. She has used the exchanges to advantage. She even knows the names of the leaders among the strikers. There is no end to her nerve, I think. She

reak down again. "She'll break down as soon as the excitement of the starting is over. Surely you, a married man, know that a woman's calmness may be as hysterical as her tears. Good and I stood still. "I will not go until 7:15 to-morrow morning! I will not lose much time. I cannot do anything the night I get there."

"Then she'll go alone. She has her ticket, and when her train is called she will he off She won't wait for you.' "How do you know she has her ticket?" "I bought it for her. I went to her boarding house and brought her here. Then I ought her ticket.'

"Judas!" said I. "And I do not believe you saw her uncle." "There was no use in seeing any one Apollyon would not have stopped her. All I could do was to take a little care of her."

"I believe in my heart you encouraged her," I testily cried. "Don't be unreasonable, Dan," said he. "Don't quarrel to-night, my boy. It is as much as I can stand to see you off, and I declare I will go with you! Of course, I will! I can look after Margaret, and leave

you free."
"And who will get this week's number out? No, no, Hale——" and I fell into line at the ticket office, "it wouldn't be wise. I'd do better by myself, and three of us would be ruin to everything. And I never did quarrel with you. Begin tonever did quarrel with you. night? Not much, Reuben!

And so getting my ticket I went into the waiting room and found Margaret composed, alert, and confident.

Hale pressed through the gate, carrying our bags, and when the train ran out of the station I glanced back out of the window and saw him trying to look cheery and hopeful, but a more miserable weebegone face never did I see. He waved his hat as much as to say, "I knew you'd do it!" and

CHAPTER III. There was still a dim light in the sky, but the lamps were lighted in the car. People were preparing for the night's journey, men were reading the evening papers as though every moment was a consideration, and in a of my strength or endurance which I did seat opposite a woman was trying to soothe a baby, while another little one clung to her begging to be taken into her lap.
"A pleasant lookout for the night," I said

to Margaret, in a voice much too flat and empty to be natural. . "They are almost dead with sleep now, said she, and in a moment what did she do but cross over and take the baby and toss it in her young, strong arms. The baby felt the change from the lax, nervous grasp of its mother, and burst into a crowing laugh, while the elder child, interested, stopped whining and joined in the merriment. How did Margaret happen to have a sweet cracker in the shape of a horse in her pocket? She who abhorred "dry flower." I think it came to her as all her other fairy gifts did, and it comforted more of us than the baby and the baby's brother. That horse cantered and walked. It hid itself, it jumped out of queer places, and was finally diss ected and loled out in the most minute and everlasting particles. To see Margaret so full of resources did not surprise me. I was much too used to her tertility and freshness to wender at it, but her light laugh, the firm gentleness with which she managed both gentleness with which she managed both waiting to see what would happen and what I could do. At the moment I was mother and children, as though she had no other care nor thought, did make me realize that the unexpected is the woman. I had fracied I should have to comfort and sustain ber, but, behold, she was not only in good spirits, but she took it for granted that I shared her resolute pushing than fear. back of tears that would awaken, and before the porter came to make the beds for the

"There was no caprice there," and I the lines around her mouth were drawn and dejected. Yet she roused herself, and the rest of the day bore herself cheerfully and

THE

himself to do more than mutter that there was a botel up the street where we might find lodgings for the night. Having thus answered, he buried himself again in his papers, but looking back as we left the room, I caught his eyes fixed upon us witha serious, suspicious expression that was not pleasant to me. But of this I did not speak to Margaret. She took my arm as we went out into the darkness. "Do you know," she said, "which is up and which down?"

We stood on the little platform and looked around us. The clouds had lightened enough for us to see the great hills vaguely outlined against the sky. The vaguely wind was rising and rustled in the treetops and it seemed to us that we had been put out into the middle of a woods. Suddenly

fair, not over clean, and smelling of tobacco, but the only smoker was a woman who sat

Whether this was the goddess or not we did not know, but there was no answer. The woman then knocked the ashes out of her pipe into the sanded box in which the stove stood, and giving her voice a higher pitch, screamed again "Liberty!" This invoca-tion was more successful, and a thin, pale-haired youth strolled into the room. The woman nodded toward us, The boy looked at Margaret, and his whole face flushed, and indeed I do not believe his eyes had ever rested on anything so fair as this girl in her dark dress, tired and silent, standing there. "We were told," said I, "that we could

wooden settle, and it was not many minutes before Margaret's hand stole into mine. I looked at her with apprehension, and to my surprise she said clearly and boldly: "I am

ot atraid. I am only hungry." The woman looked at her. "Is she your daughter?" she asked. "My niece," I promptly answered. "She doesn't favor you," said she, an

there was again silence. After what seemed to us, a very long time, a man looking like a Presbyterian clergyman in a miner's clothes came in and flat and bitter, and neither one of us would have ordered fried bacon from a bill of fare, but it was all hot, and we were so in need of food having had nothing to eat since a hasty noon meal, that the mere nourish-ment was comforting and helpful.

Then when we had finished, the woman lighted two candles, and we arose and followed her to two reasonably clean bed-rooms on the other side of the hall. After she had left us, we sat down and talked. Now that we were in Tiger Hill we had no idea what to do, or where to turn. But we agreed that we had best be silent and say nothing of Jack until we knew what we should say, and to whom we should say it. "In the morning," said I, "we will see the place, and learn something of the people. There must be someone in authority here, and someone who has some sense of law. The very gossip may tell us where Jack is, and just what has happened. In the meantime, we have come because I am interested in the mines, and you are my ece-as indeed, dear child, from this moment, you must be.'

And Margaret, leaning over, took my hand and kissed it, but I drew it away, and laid it on her pretty head, and prayed to God that she might in this adventure be kept from harm and from sorrow. that there was need of an instant answer to

this prayer. I had been asleep about an hour when suddenly I awakened. It seemed to me that something had happened to arouse me, but everything was perfectly still. The stars were now shining, I heard an owl hoot, and the cry of a lonely cricket; I was just falling off to sleep again when the very skies seemed rent by a woman's scream! The sound was not in the house, it was far off and in the open air, but I instantly knew it was Margaret's voice! Out of bed I sprang and into her room, which was empty, and her clothing was gone. On a chair by the bed stood her little satchel and a few toilet articles. It took me but a moment to fling on my clothes and dash out of the silent, dark house, and here and there I ran trying to find some token of her, but I did not call nor speak. I am not young, but I am strong. I have been a man of temperate athletic habits, and I have the use of a body nearly six feet in height, well-kept, and when I carried fewer years I asked nothing

not get. But at this moment I thought of neither strength nor weakness, but I sped on meaning to find my precious charge. I fell down, I ran into trees, I plunged into water, I tripped over stones, but nothing bafiled me, and my speed was little broken. Then as I ran I became aware of sounds inarticulate, al-most inaudible, which were those of the human being, and I knew I must be near a camp of some kind. Silently, cautiously, now I went, listening and sounds which grew more and more distinct, and yet not intelligible, when, without ex-pecting it, I suddenly came upon a sight that made my heart almost stop beating, so horrified was I. There in the light of a fire stood Margaret in the center of some 10 or 15 ruffians. Her hat was gone, her bair was down, and a shawl was fastened about her, pitioning her arms. But never saw I a girl more thoroughly angry than she, and never have I heard a more hideous jargon than these men spoke to each other. I saw that she had been brought to the entrance of a mine, and that, not far off, were some huts and sheds. Fortunately I was be

than fear.

Just then the clerical gentleman who had the porter came to make the beds for the night I had ceased to worry. I had not forgotten nor ignored Jack's tragedy, but I reserved my strength, and being a man healthy and tired, I slept all night, and waked in the morning in good spirits and well rested. But Margaret was pale, and

Margaret held out her white, round wrists n which there were red lines.
"They know so little of American girls," said she, "that they thought this would frighten me."

"You have reason enough for fright," he "I have no expectation of being afraid," said she, "and if you command this band you have, let me tell you, a precious set of

you have, let me tell you, a precious set or rascals under you."

"You need not be saucy," he replied. "It will pay you better to be honest and tell me who sent you here."

"Surely you know all I can tell you! Where is the woman of the house in which we lodged? I suppose she is your accomplice? When she called me out of my room and asked me if I had a friend here, I was frank and told her. Ask her if you want to know."

know."
"Softer, softer, my dear," he said, "you "Softer, softer, my dear," he said, but you'd look very pretty when you scold, but you'd better be uglier and wiser." Where is the woman?" asked Margaret "She has gone home to lock your uncle in his room. To keep him from taking cold in the night air."

Margaret turned her head away, as though

she meant to say she was done with him. I adored her for her courage, but I ar-dently desired she might not anger him. But he treated her as though she was a pet-ulant child, and asked her questions from wild was rising and rustled in the treetops, and it seemed to us that we had been put to out into the middle of a woods. Suddenly a light flared up and burned steadily away of in the distance.

"That," I said, "must be a lamp, and a lamp generally betokens a house. Don't you believe that direction is 'up?'"

"It came out of the darkness like a signal," answered the girl, "and there is nothing for us to do but to go to it. We cannot plunge into darkness without some guide."

So we stepped off the boards and went warily along a path, which was not difficult to keep, so well trodden was it. We soon discovered, as our eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that we were going through a small woods, and when after a time we came out of it we found a pathway of boards so narrow that we could not walk abreast, but it gave us comfort, making us sure that we were on the right road. And so after a time we came to the light, and behold it was the hotel to which we had been so vaguly directed. The house was a small wooden. hotel to which we had been so vaguly di-rected. The house was a small wooden af-fair, not over clean, and smelling of tobacco, Slave! Push ahead!" When he heard the name of Lewis he shrugged his shoulders by a stove with a pipe in her mouth. When we entered the open door, she looked up, stared a moment, and then called "Liberty!"

and gave an idiotic jump into the air. It was as much as I could do not to go out and shake the little monster, but I had sense erty!" hard work—the hardest I ever did. They bul-lied Margaret; they tried to terrify her into a confession as they grew more and more con-vinced that she was baffling them. They mistook her innocence for assurance; her courage for obstinacy, but they did not

Then Margaret suddenly drew her shawl closer around her shoulders. "I am cold," she said, "and I am tired. I wish you would have more wood thrown on the fire, and give me a seat by it." The little man, when this was translated, made a reply that was in turn translated to her, and have lodging here, and we should also like some supper."

"Sit down," said Liberty, and he at once disappeared.

So we sat down side by side on an old walked to the fire and sat down on the trunk of a tallen tree, which was evidently drawn there for a seat. For a moment her whole body relaxed, and she looked as if she could bear no more. She put out her hands to the now low fire, but in a moment rested her head on her hand like a tired child. Then she drew herself together, looked up, and did the most astonishing thing: She began to sing! To sing in a clear,

sweet, thrilling voice which vibrated with passionate intention.

If an angel from Heaven had alighted, and in his duzzling attire had stood in their in his turn stared at us, gave a little nod, and went out. Then the woman arose, took two plates from a closet, two cups and saucers, and began to prepare a table for us. She spread no cloth, and she put the bacon and potatoes which she fried together upon our plates, dispensing with the formality of a meet-dish. The coffee pot she pulled forward, poured some water on what was she singing. For lite, for help, for freedom. she singing? Ah, for what was she not singing. For life, for help, for freedom, and though she knew it not, for love! Her ward, poured some water on what was already in it, and let it boil, She put bread
and butter and some pickled tripe on
the table, and bade us come and eat. And
it was not ill-flavored to us. The coffee was She sang like one inspired, and her whole heart went out in the cry, "Angels ever bright and fair, take, oh take me to your care!" and the song seemed born of the night and of peril! And then, behold from one of the huts there was a great cry, and out there rushed a man, torn, weak. bandaged, and he looked wildly about him. and seeing her, he ran to her and fell prone on the ground at her side. And she lifte him up, and held him in her arms, and I-I came out from my hiding place and hurried to them and I took Jack from her and laid him down, thinking he was dead, but he opened his eyes and feebly smiled. So I sat down on the grass and held him and Margaret knelt by him, and they looked each into the eyes of the other.

But around us there was a hubbub of con fusion and quarreling, and knives flashed, and the leader pushed back one, and threatened another, and the noise grew greater and more fierce, but Margaret and Jack were like people safe in a lagoon, care less of the raging storm outside. But the leader turned, holding one man by the throat, and he cried: "Sing! If you value your lives, let the girl sing!" For a moment Margaret faltered. She

feared for us as she never had for herself, and she gasped as though her breath was gone, putting her hand to her throat. Then she sprang to her feet and she sang. It was a wild, fierce song like a battle cry, and she now and then clapped her hands together with a ringing sound, and she flung out her rms, looking like a prophetess calling her people to follow her to war. And then all these men struck in with a solemn, slow measure that was like the tramp of feet, and their eyes flashed as they drew close to-gether and nearer to her. When she ended, they crowded around her, and the little man dropped on his knees and kissed the hemot her gown, and from that moment we were safe. For the song was one of their own, and an outery against the oppressors of their country, and Margaret, who studied the songs of the peoples of the earth as

others do the language, knew it, and knes how to sing it. And so she sang through the night, sitting on the log, with her hand in Jack's as he rested against me. She sang everything. Gay songs and doleful, ballads, opera arias, hymns and dances. The men sat around the blazing fire, and their eyes were soft, and sometimes they laughed, and every now and then they would burst into a chorus of their own. And the leader lay close to the fire and slept. Never in their lives had these men, I fancy, been more innocently happy, and never had they heard singing that so delighted them. When the morning dayned we stood up we want to be a stood up. ing dawned we stood up, we men wondering ing dawned we stood up, we men wondering in our hearts, whether now that the spell was broken we would be allowed to go, but Margaret smiled and held out her hand, and they each kissed it, and then went through

the woods with us.

When we parted the little man plucked a bunch of gold-rod and giving it to Margaret, said with a friendly smile, "Push ahead."

We took his advice, and knowing there was an early train away, although it was going in the wrong direction, we went at once to the station, and when it came we took it and all went into the baggage car, because Jack looked only like a hero of the prize-ring, but a most forlorn and neglected

the first town and rested, and made Jack presentable, and then traveled home in bliss and content; but that Jack and I did all the talking, while Margaret smiled at us? She was not too hoarse for that. And need I say how I got my son and lost my assistant editor and my niece, but had a daughter instead? And how Margaret paid for our lives with her singing voice, which had not yet come back to her? As for this story—how often Hale had heard it! Ask him! [THE END.]

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A CHEF D'ŒUVRE in the art of perfumery is the composition of a new and distinctive bouquet as in the case of J. & E. Atkin-

SIMPLE CEREMON

Rev. George Hodges Speaks of That Last Sad. Sacred Supper.

SACRAMENT OF REMEMBRANCE Given to the Disciples Who Followed Him and Loved Him.

HOW TO APPROACH THE LORD'S TABLE

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The Master and the disciples sit together at the table. It is the night of the betraval. It is the eve of the crucifixion. He knows that plainly; and they, in a vague way, which is more perhaps of the nature of fore-boding than of knowledge, know it, too. A sense of impending danger, of approaching crisis, is in the hearts of all the company. Something is to happen. That loving comanionship which has meant so much and een so precious-to them, at least-is somehow to be interrupted.

The words of the Master have a note adness in them. He is going away. He tells them that distinctly. And as they sit together at the homely supper which symbolizes their fellowship and union, He looks ahead into the future. He has that longing which everyone of strong character and deep affection has, to be remembered after he is gone. He has loved these men. He doesn't want them to forget Him. He has taken a bit of bread from the table, and pours a cup of the common wine, and passes these about among these friends of His, giv-ing a taste to each, and says, Do this after I m gone away,

IN MEMORY OF ME. So began the sacrament of remembrance. I want you to think about it this morning just in that way—as the sacrament of re-membrance. It is more than that. It is the sacrament of grace; it is the sacrament of worship. But of these meanings of it I say nothing now. I desire to emphasize only this first, most natural, most simple signifi-

I choose this because it is the first and the simplest meaning of this sacrament. And because I believe that it is a sufficient meaning. The need of the Christian church in this day is a definition of the minimum. What is essential? Tell us that; let us agree pon that; let us unite in that. Let gin there, and go on learning all the truth of God we can. Let us welcome everybody into the Christian church, into the privieges of the Christian sacraments, who has

earned as much as that.
"This do is remembrance of Me." Can
you imagine anything more entirely natural, mely, and simple?

Here is an act and a reason for it: do this in remembrance. And both the act and he reason are as simple as simplicity itself. It is not as if the Lord had asked us to do some very hard thing in remembrance of Him; to leave our homes and preach the gospel in the islands of Samoa, in remembrance of Him; to give all our goods to feed the poor, in remembrance of Him; to hang a heavy chain about our neck, or to take up our abode upon the top of some narrow, wind-swept pillar, in remembrance of Him. The act He asked is one of the easiest and simplest things that we can do. It is one whose counterpart enters into every day or every life. It is but our ordinary eating

and drinking, consecrated by A BLESSED ASSOCIATION It is true that the bread and wine of the supper are served to-day in vessels of gold and silver. The homely table is lifted high in chancels, cut in stone and carved in costly woods, covered with fair linen, and decked with rich embroidery. And the Lord's words are recited in the midst of a service of commemoration, the most beautiful and impressive of all the ceremonies of the homely simplicity of the act is hidden from ments and solemnities. But we must not let these embellishments mislead us. These are not the sacrament. These are only what loving hands have wrought,

and rightly wrought, to whatever is associated with our Lord, as worthy as our needs and means can make it. The homely supper is in the midst of them, like that jutting of rough rock in the midst of the marble pavement of the temple. It is just as homely and natural and simple to-day as it was when the Lord ordained it. In spite of all the ceremonial and all the priests and doctors; in spite of all that has been falsely taught and foolishly believed and unadvisedly done, at the heart of the most intricate and elaborate of liturgies is still this homely, common meal, this entirely

SIMPLE ACT OF COMMEMORATION. The act is perfectly simple, and the reason for it is as simple as the act. "In re-membrance of me." That is what it means. You see how entirely within everybody's mental and spiritual reach that is. It is not as if He had asked us to do this in commemoration of some doctrine about Him-in membrance of His incarnation, or of His tonement, or even of the truth vinity, for then we must needs have been theologians; but "in remembrance of Me," He said. And that is something which any child can do.

Those men who sat about the table at that first communion and received the sacrament, the Lord himself being the celebrant, they knew no doctrines. It is doubtful if they had ever heard the story of our Lord's nativity. It is certain that of the atonement, as accomplished by Him, they had no notice at all. They did not even believe in His divinity, as we understand that word. The whole history of the men, and no part of it more evidently than their behavior on that very night, shows that of these exceedingly important Christian doctrines they knew nothing. The men to whom our Lord ad-

ministered this sacrament were VERY IMPERFECT THEOLOGIANS. There was only one qualification which these men had, and our Lord was quite content with that, asked nothing more than that did not even set down any stricter qualification for the future than that. They loved Him. They could not have stated their affection in the praise language of the divinity schools, but they loved Him never-theless. They were very much mistaken about Him, had quite inadequate "views" concerning Him; nevertheless they loved Him. And that was all He asked. They were doing their best, and even that was not a very excellent best, to follow Him. He was satisfied with that.

If you had awakened them an hour after ward, as they lay asleep upon the ground in the Garden of Gethsemane, and asked them what that scene in the supper room meant, they could not have answered you co-herently. Of transubstantiation, of con-substantiation, of the questions which have perplexed the theological doctors, and di-vided ecclesiastical converts, and disturbed churches, they were altogether-and most

happily—ignorant.
So, too, I believe, were the simple people into whose houses the apostles went, breaking bread, in the earliest days of the church's history. The act and the reason for it were alike perfectly simple. They loved Christ, and they broke their homemade bread and poured out their common wine, sitting at their common table, reembering Him,

JUST AS HE ASKED.

Gradually, as they came to dwell upon the words with which He had appointed this memorial, two truths would come more distinctly into their minds us they broke distinctly into their minds as they broke the bread and poured the wine.

They would see how the remembrance touched both the cross and the crown; both Christ's pain, and Christ's promise; and so looked both back and forward.

This, He had suid, is My body which is given for you. This is My blood, which is shed for you. Thus they would remember the cross. It is not very likely that at first these words suggested anything more

self-sacrifice. The bread was not literal body; the blood was not literal blood. Their eyes and lips told the literal blody; the blood was not the literal blood. Their eyes and lips told them that. But they could not break that bread and pour that wine without behold-ing that scene of the cross plain before their eyes. The broken body, the shed blood, we may believe as much about them as we please, this, at the least, the bread and wine were meant for, to bring these to remem-brance.

will not eat any more thereof until it be ful-filled in the kingdom of God. I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the king-dom of God shall come." And so St. Paul said: "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death, till He come." So the servant which looks

LOOKS FORWARD TO THE CROWN. The remembrance is not only a memory of The remembrance is not only a memory of pain but of promise. Somehow the Lord who loved them would come again and take them unto Himself. They remembered that when they remembered Him. After the resurrection and ascension this memory of promise would become increasingly precious. The feast would be the symbol of the joy of heaven. The sadness would be lost in gladness. They would go straight on in thought, as we do, from the "sacrifices of the death of Christ," to "the heavefits which we receive thereby." The first benefits which we receive thereby." The first idea of the sacrament as the memorial o some one dead, would pass away altogether in the reminder which it brought of some one living forever more, and waiting to welcome them. Thus the supper which they who sat first at the table ate in tears, has been transformed into a feat of

and rejoicing.

These two circles of association then gather about this word "remembrance." We remember the cross and the crown, we remember the pain and the promise AND HERE WE LEADY

in just what spirit of mind the Lord would have men come to this sacrament. Who-ever honestly remembers the pain of the cross and the promise of the crown, cannot mistake.

For if we really remember what our Saviour suffered for our sake, we will love Him. We cannot help it. We will not need to be taught the duty of loving Him. Love cannot be taught as duty. Love comes by loving. Men love Christ when they learn how Christ loves us. And the cross teaches that. The broken bread and the

poured wine teach that.

And if we really remember how our Lord has promised to receive us into His presence we will hate sin. Because sin bars that blessed door. We will daily endeavor so to live that that promise may be possible to us.

And these are the only essential qualifications for approach to this sacrament: true loving and right living. And not perfection in either of these, remember, but only a longing after perfection. Whoever honestly desires perfectly to love God, whoever steadfastly purposes rightly to live accord-ing to the laws of God,

HE MAY COME.

There is a German proverb to the effect that the best is often the enemy of the good. I am afraid that some are staying away from holy communion because they have not yet attained the best. They have not reached their ideal of what a communicant should believe and be. There is this and that about the sacrament which they do not understand. There is this and that article in their own personal theology which does not quite square with what somebody else says is orthodox; in this and that respect they fall short of saintliness. And what I want to say to all such souls is this: If you are willing to do just this single thing which the Lord asked might be done in His memory, if you honor and revere Him, if you love Him, if you honestly desire to follow more closely than you have been following in His blessed steps, if when you "examine yourself," as St. Paul advised, you find so much as this in your heart, there is no reason who were health.

son why you should not come.

Come only in this spirit of remembrance. do the will of God so far as you can see it, and Me will show you, step by step, as you grow in grace and in the knowledge and this love of Him, all the other truth you need.

GEORGE HODGES. POKER IN FRANCE.

The National Game Proves Too Much for the French Language.

English Edition of the Paris Illustre. But if these clubs and five or six more which might be named lead joyous lives and, above all, joyous nights, several others appear to vegetate. That they do so is owing to America. The United States that send their sons over to France, that have caused a fall in farm-rent, have also imported a new game, the poker, which reduces the receipts of our clubs. Shades of La Fayette and Rochambeau hide their faces! Why did you not leave Washington's compatriots disembroil themselves as best they could with their mother country! The poker is indeed a plague for the coffers of the clubs and solely because it is about to supersede baccarat. Impositions were easily levied on this last game. Certaip sums were charged for holding the bank at such a rate, for the packs of cards burned during the deal, etc. It was the very ideal of the impost and at the same

time a sure and copious source of yield, something analogous to tobacco relatively to duty in France. In the case of "poker" it becomes monstrously hard to raise a tax and to fix upon the moment for raising it. The players continue at the game for a long time. When the caisse has levied a duty it has nothing to do but to look at the 'pokerrites' who remain seated for hours speaking a language intelligible to most people "Je suis blind. Vous m'avez bluffe. Faisons-nous un pot" (pronounced poh). A LIVELY OLD HARRISON.

At the Age of 96 He Will Welcome the President at His Home.

Washington Post. 1 The Grand Army of the Republic is to hold a convention next month in Orange, N. J. President Harrison has been invited to be present and says he does not know of anything to prevent his acceptance of

the invitation. Orange is known as the city of the Harrisons. He will see a greater number of them there than he ever saw before. There is Uncle Ira Harrison, 95 years of age, the oldest living Harrison born in Orange, still active and going around attending to business. He voted for William Henry Harrison in 1836 and again in 1840, and walked a mile in November last to the voting pre-cinct and voted for Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton. He never voted a Demo-cratic ticket in his life.

Uncle Ira has seven unmarried granddaughters living with him, and proposes if the President honors Orange with his presence at the meeting of the G. A. R., meet him with his granddaughters, the hall and strew the walk with flowers for



WOMEN WHO

And Have No Time to Sympathize With Sorrowful Friends.

HOW SOME MISSIONS ARE RUN. Starving Families Must Wait Until the Officials Have Lunched.

SOME POINTS ON HEALTH AND COMFORT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Some one the other day was lamenting the lecline of anything like friendly intimacy. "We have no more correspondence like that which furnished the choicest memoirs and finest thought of the last century and this. People can't waste time and esprit on mere personal friends, they must save a bright idea and work it into an article for a club reading, or to use in conversation at a dinner party with a distinguished stranger or to crush a possible rival. When I go to see a friend, wanting a quiet hour or two of sympathetic talk, I find her parlors are engaged in 15 minutes for a committee meeting of the shop girls' patronesses or the Educational Improvers' Association, and of course a single person with a heartache has no chance before such collective interests of such importance. I write to another, longing to hear some pleasant thing about her life, and she regales me with what this society and that club did and said at their last meeting and rehashes the details of petty

feminine politics." One thinks sadly of Horace Walpole's saying that the only use of nine-tenths of the world is to make one wish himself with the other tenth. In their insatiable ambition to prove themselves the superior half of the human race, women are playing with the sweetest interests of human life. Even the culture of the time interferes with the real pleasures of society, but this is the penalty for neglect of early opportunities and the time holds more for middle aged women than it has done for a century, for

never was the way so open for the continu-ance of health and influence if they have the courage to hold their own.

A lady of the highest position said lately that never in her knowledge was there anythat never in her knowledge was there any thing like the number of women classes for study in language, in belles lettres, in music and art. She said she could hardly make a call without trenching on some appoint-ment, with a master or some ladies' class going on an excursion, photographing or sketching or studying some new importa-tion of archaeological interest. And it was not the young ladies who were doing this, but their mothers, women over 50 with

gray hair. STIMMER STUDY The zeal for study among those who feel that they have not their whole lives before them, does not allow of leaving the subject during summer rest. The summer schools of languages at Amherst, Mass., and elsewhere, and the schools of natural science are evidences of the growing taste for study among older people. The most fashionable school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages in New York and Boston to the school of languages and the school of languages are school of languages and the school of languages and the school of languages are school of languages and languages are school of languages are school of languages and languages are school of languages and languages are school of languages are school of languages and languages are school of languages are s school of languages in New York and Boos-ton, takes rooms at some quiet, pleasant country hotel for its pupils, who have the advantage of conversation, and the practice which could only be found othorwise by which could only be found othorwise by living in a foreign family. Music teachers of repute are glad to take their best pupils with them to country homes, where they give the early hours to roaming and the noons to practice of a most devoted sort.

The delicate daughter of artistic tastes in

one family I know of goes off to the Catskills with a ci-devant newspaper woman, clever, educated and practical, who takes care of the girl's health, orders her baths, diet and exercise strictly, reads and studies with her, puts her to sleep by magnetic treatment, and is in every way her friend, companion and guide. For this she re-ceives her expenses for the summer and is in every way treated as one who confers the favor. The same woman had just before gone to Mr. Ballurd Smith, of the New York World, with a view to securing a good position on the city press, when his reply to her substantially was that he should advise her to walk off the dock first if she had to depend on her pen for a living. What we are to do when all the women are educated to earn their own living and to want that living a good one, is a quandary. But so many mothers are desirous to delegate the care of their daughters to some one else that this mode of being companion to a young

lady may offer advantages to both sides. LADIES' MISSIONS

and church boards have been holding their annual meetings with much display of ex-pensive dress and well parased gratulation. Apropos of nothing at all in this connection, what is the name of the pastor who, called to confer with his brethren about bringing outsiders into the churches, responded that he wanted to see his church members hope-fully converted from their practical heathenism before he brought any more into their company and influence. For his part he had rather undertake to reform a Magdelen from the lowest ward than to bring one well-placed woman to sincerity of life and good feeling. Apropos of this again is the story of a city missionary who went to an officer of one of the charitable boards with the report of a family of four children and a sick mother, without a morsel of food or money. "I can't help it," said the official;
"I can't do anything about it, for I am
going out to lunch."

"But what shall I do?" asked the mission-"But what shall I do?" asked the missionary. "Those people must have something
to eat. I can't leave them to starve."

"I can't help it." repeated the lady officer,
with a salary of over \$1,600 a year for attending to such cases. "If you had come in 15
minutes ago I could have seen to them, but I
can't do anything about it now; I'm going
out to lunch."

It really never occurred to the woman

It really never occurred to the woman that she could possibly put off her own lunch 15 minutes longer that these five persons might not go starving another day. The city missionary said no more, but bor-rowed a basket and went around herself to bakers and grocers asking aid, and carried supplies to the hungrychildren. Her lunch-eon may have been delayed, but it must have been relished with the thought of

other hearts lightened. There must be room for improvement women's charities and sympathies, or such a story never could have been told as that of the missionary mother from Syria, going with her four children, one a baby, to visit her relatives beyond Chicago. Supposed to be in charge of the Mission Board, they were suffered to start West from New York without any provision for lunch for the little brood, who were forced to go 24 hours without food, the train making no stop long anough for the mother to provide for them. enough for the mother to provide for them out of her scanty means. It is easy for such a thing to happen to one who is virtually a stranger in her own land. These stories do not appear in the reports of women's meetings, but they ought to, and are told on the authority of women in charge of church charities who see these things done and left undone, by influential women whom they

Pleasanter is the story of a busy editorial woman who found herself obliged to go down Bleecker street late one evening on some errand of help, I doubt not. Passing one of the missions lately established in that crowded quarter, a hymn sung by cultivated voices rang sweetly on the air. Opposite were basement drinking places with a dozen bummers leaning against the railings, listening thoughtfully to the music, not one of whom stirred from his place or uttered a word till it ended. Perhaps the missions touched both the cross and the crown; both Christ's pain, and Christ's promise; and so looked both back and forward.

This, He had suid, is My body which is given for you. This is My blood, which is shed for you. Thus they would remember the cross. It is not very likely that at first these words suggested anything more than the fact of our Lord's lov that way. Gin and whisky did it.—Judge.

Word till it ended. Perhaps the missions may sing the liquor shops shut. The music in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in the family circle one Sunday night, and toppuish the rest went off to the mission out of curiosity. He came home in a much subdated humor, declaring that the singing was the most touching he ever man for the missions of stiff isingless and ruin it. Cosmetic in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about with the slightest idea of the proportions or properties of ingredients.

SHIBLET DABE.

—The number of persons admitted to the massion on the same number in our block felt put out about something in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in these Bleecker street meetings is said to be very fine. A young man from the same number in our block felt put out about something in the fermion in these Bleecker street meetings

heard, and as there has been a marked im provement in his spirit from that time, I am led to the opinion that these missions are a good thing for the better classes, at

It is comfortable in the city mornings, while the Jersey freshness is in the air, to go around to the Twenty-third street rooms to have one's hands dressed by clever manipulators. The value of these nice personal cares can hardly be exaggerated for tired persons, nervous women and brain workers. The surroundings are adapted workers. The surroundings are adapted for pleasantness, the long parior, taking up the entire depth of the house, lets in all the air going, with its three long windows at each end hung with fine lace, the carpets are handsome, the walls in ivory, rose and gold decorations like that of Carisbad china, and the whole in scrupulous keeping agreeable to tired senses.

ing, agreeable to tired senses.

In front near the lace-shrouded windows are little polished tables, set out each with its gobelin blue plush cushion, with its dainty napkin and the toilette of silver repouss These silver services are made expressly for the establishment and look tempting, the the establishment and look tempting, the big coffer of salmon tinted pumice, slightly periumed, and the tiny vases of amber and carmine pemades, with dainty little ivory brushes, one brush dipped in crimson as if it had been used for coloring a Lady Washington geranium over night. There is a table of home and foreign periodicals and a shelf of late books for those who wait, but we are early and there is only a gentleman having his hands cared for by a nice girl, chatting leisurely with her as if he enjoyed the process. the process.

ANOTHER NICE GIRL with smooth complexion and fresh em-

broidered white apron, comes with a silver bowl of warm perfumed suds and tells you to soak your right hand a few minutes. This is to soften the nails. Presently she seats berself at the other side of the little table, brings from the drawer a set of dainty im-plements and fine emery paper slips and polishers. Your hand is tenderly dried on a soft towel and laid on the plush cushion, The little round blade loosens the skin at the base of the nail till the white crescent shows, the fine curved scissors pare away every line of superfluous skin and the agnails are cut close. The nice girl chats pleasantly and says she knows no method of treating agnails but to keep them cut as soon as they appear. The scidulated water cleanses the hands, for few people she says ever have clean hands or face withsale says ever have clean hands or face with-out more care than most of them think necessary. The little wooden skewer is dipped in acid to cleanse and whiten the nails after they are trimmed, they are pol-ished with finest emery, tinted with the little red brush and polished, till they come out like the pink and white shells you find on the Mexican coast, and one realizes what a finish well-cared-for nails put on a respect-able hand. The nice girl says that nails crack most in cold weather and it is quite clear that soaking them in hot oil tends to soften them and prevent breakage. A good scrub of the hands in warm water and soap in one of the painted basins at the side of the room, your hands are carefully wiped dry and you are at lessure to admire the im

provement, KEEPING THE HANDS SOFT. There is one simple way of keeping hands

nice while making them useful, and that is by rubbing them with cocoa butter or cold cream, and wearing long-wristed kid or cas-tor gloves with the finger tips cut off while at work. We put gloves on for dress, when we ought to wear them at business. Men should take more care of their hands, even carpenters, who would find leather gloves with the tips off convenient to handle nails, while saving a thousand bruises by work. A man is just as comfortable if he sits down to read his paper with a smooth pair of hands free from grime or callus or blood bruises, and he is just as honest and manly for being in trim so that no stripling counterjumper holds any advantage of him in good looks.

A Boston firm of fashionable outfitters keep a regular supply of kid gloves for housekeeping at 15 cents a pair, and smooth hands are worth a dollar or two a year to sew and tend sick folks with. No other way of keeping hands from being treckled has been revealed than wearing gloves in

summer, not kid gloves to be rained by perspiration, but cool, serviceable thread gloves with long wrists, which keep the hands from dust and sunburn. The and linen tafetta gloves which the dealers insist upon providing exclusively for us this season are insufferable, for they and draw the hands and a week's wear spoils them. Nothing is so good for the skin in warm weather as the smooth thread glove or the real lisle, finished like balbriggan underwear. They keep the hands wants to put on a pair of gloves or stockings a second time without washing in warm weather. One's gloves should be as fresh

and clean as the hand within it. AN EXPERT ON COMPLEXIONS. When asked what was the leading complaint of correspondents making cosmetic inquiries, I had to answer "Coarse open pores and greasy faces." Consulting the first der-matologist in America, a specialist so de-voted to his profession that he refuses to make money outside of it by writing for the newspapers, he said that the trouble with such faces amounted to a disease, an enlargement of the fat glands of the skin, and needed a thorough course of treatment. It is impossible to prescribe any treatment, as constitutions vary greatly. The best advice to be given is purify the blood by charcoal and laxatives, reform diet, and treat the skin with drying lotions, not the pastes and creams which suit a delicate What is best in each case can only be found by experiment. Alcohol, resourcin, camphor spirit, castile soap, carbolic dilutions may all be tried with safety for a few days till the right thing approves itself. Borax is useful, but in some skins brings on eczema. The course of sulphur treatment in which zealous persons indulge in hopes of a fair skin, must be condemned as unsafe The sulphur poisoning brought on by free use of sulphur internally is difficult to heal and disfiguring. The idea of taking a table-spoonful of sulphur three times a day, as some persons do, is enough to make a phy. sician's hair gray by the risks involved. A teaspoonful of sulphur each morning for three mornings, and a teaspoonful each third morning thereafter for a fortnight is as much as the average person will bear. Laxatives, it not purgatives, should follow the third

dose, so that all the impurities need not be thrown off by the skin alone. FOR THE LAST TIME.

In answer to many inquiries, the directions for chargoal and taraxacum treatment are given for the last time, this year at any rate. The first dose of powdered chargon may be a dessert spoonful, freshly mixed in water, milk or syrup, taken on rising, as soon as the teeth are brushed, which should be one of the first operations of the toilet. This gives the charcoal time to absorb impurities from the stomach before eating. After this a teaspoonful of taraxacum ex-tract after meals, till the face is clear and the digestion good. A pint of taraxacum extract is not too much for the system, but it is advisable to leave it off every fourth week and then resume. One dessert spoonful of mandrake extract may be added to the pint of taraxacum with good effect, pouring it into the same bottle and shaking well. Taraxacum is the extract of dandelion well. Taraxacum is the extract of dandellon root, a standard medicine of old practice and highly esteemed now by very careful physicians for its effects on the skin, liver and kidneys. The inquiry after its use for a fortnight usually is "what have you been taking to make your akin so fair." But the coarse bread and wheat must go with any treatment to have lasting effects. The treatment to have lasting effects. The parched wheat is not to be cooked, but thoroughly ground in chewing, when it will be found a regulating and strengthening food. The prescription quoted to keep the hair in crimp, of three ounces of gum Arabic to half a pint of rosewater, is preposterous. Three ounces is six tablespoonfuls, and that amount of gum in half a pint of liquid

would simply transform the hair to threads of stiff isingless and ruin it. Cosmetic